Forbury Hill
H

A

PROSPECT

FROM

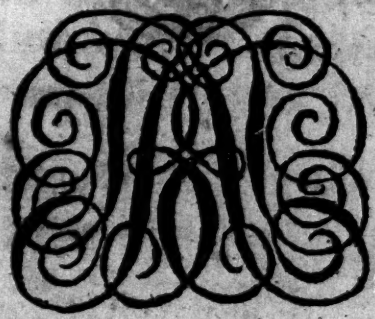
FORBOROUGH-HILL

near READING in BERKS:

A POEM.

With two other

POETICAL PIECES.



READING:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by S. BLACKMAN.

MDCCLV.

A

PROSPECT

FROM

FORBOROUGH-HILL,

near READING in BERKS:

A POEM.

With other

POETICAL PIECES.

READING:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by S. SECCOMBE;

MDCCLV.

PREFACE.

AS the ſucceeding Pieces, the Productions of a few leiſure Hours abſtracted from Buſineſs, were compoſed chiefly by Way of Amuſement, and now publiſhed to oblige ſome Friends whom I have Reaſon to eſteem; I greatly hope they'll be patroniz'd by the Public with that Generoſity and Candour with which I commit them to the Preſs.

The Reader may perceive by the Drift of each Piece whoſe Glory and Advancement I had in View, and if he takes as much Pleaſure in the Peruſal as I did in the Compoſition, the Author will think himſelf abundantly compenſated for all his Care and Trouble. If they were Works of Humour, or French Romance, undoubtedly the Preſs would groan with repeated Impreſſions; but your modeſt Bard rejects all Thoughts that are not likely to be con-

ducive to real Benefit and Advantage in the End: His Themes, he presumes, are of a refined Nature, such as may claim the Attention of the virtuous Few.— *Hopes and Fears naturally arise before the View of an indifferent* Author, *and alternately preponderate proportionable to the* Smiles *or* Frowns *he receives from his Readers: If the former should happily devolve to me, it shall be my constant Endeavours to make a Retaliation adequate to my Abilities.*

Encouragement's the Life of ev'ry Art,
Stirs up the active Mind and fires the Heart;
It animates the humble Poet's Fire,
And bids him boldly strike the trembling Lyre.

Each Piece, I ingenuously confess, abounds with its Imperfections, but such I hope as may be overlook'd by an impartial Eye. I write not so much for the profound Learned *as for those who act in the middle Sphere of Life, and possess (I believe) far more sincerity and Benevolence, and whose Sentiments are refined and purged from the precise Notions which abound in a modern Caviler.*

Let

Let the Critic *(whoever he is) and good natur'd, conſider the following are the Productions of a juvenile Son of the* Muſes, *who at preſent but hovers round the ſacred* Mount, *and never gathered any of thoſe choice Flowers of Rhetoric which bloom on the ſummit of* Parnaſſus: *Time perhaps may plume his Wings and inſtruct him to ſoar, till then he's content to ſing in a humble Strain.* Theſe *were not deſigned for elaborate Performances or mere Tryals of Skill; let thoſe who quaff large Draughts of* Heliconia's *Spring handle* Subjects *ſuitable to their* Genius, *while I admire and ſing the harmonious Works of* Nature, *and through them contemplate on the ſupreme* Diſpoſer *of all Things.*

The AUTHOR.

THE

Beauties of Nature

Celebrated in alternate Verſe, beneath the verdant and extenſive Canopy which the Trees project on FORBOROUGH-HILL near READING.

Nunc frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.
—— amant alterna camenæ. Virg.

FIDELIO.

EXEMPT from all corroding cares and ſtrife,
Which blaſt the pleaſures of a tranſient life;
Let us, reclin'd beneath this copious ſhade,
Alike for ſtudy or for pleaſure made,
Expatiate free o'er *Nature*'s varied ſcene
In mutual Verſe, and laud the great *Supreme*;
Who as a *God* the pond'rous globe directs,
And with a kind paternal eye inſpects;

Its

Its motions deigns in majeſty to guide,
Sufficient to debaſe the *Sceptick*'s pride.

AMINTOR.

With equal warmth the glorious task I'll join,
That gratitude may ſparkle in each line;
That modern *Atheiſts*, taught by us, may know
What bleſſings from the great *Creator* flow:
What ſolid joys on ſacred virtue wait,
Alone found worthy of the *Good* and *Great!*
Pure harmony inſtill, ye ſacred *Nine*,
And let each thought in rolling numbers ſhine;
No tow'ring luſtre muſt our *Muſe* preſume,
But ſprightly *Nature* work the nervous loom.

FIDELIO.

Now in celeſtial ſtreaming ſplendor dreſt,
Majeſtic *SOL* with glory fills the Eaſt;
The heav'ns in radiant beauty ſtand diſplay'd,
With azure pav'd and ruddy ſtreaks array'd;
Through Æther pure *He* ſeems to move along,
And warms the worthy and th' inglorious throng;

Through

Through *Nature*'s womb his rays prolific pierce,
And pregnant make the ſpacious univerſe;
Their influ'nce reaches to the glowing mine
Where ſapphires, gold, and brilliant diamonds ſhine.

AMINTOR.

O may my gratitude no limits know,
O let my praiſe, my *Muſe*, for ever flow!
When e'er I view *Thee*, ſacred fount of day,
Then let my ſoul an humble homage pay
To *Him*, who firſt inſtructed thee to roll
In glaring triumph round the lofty pole! *
Who with omnipotence but gave the word,
And *Chaos* with fertility was ſtor'd!
Who on the ~~convex~~ cave hung the ſtarry tribe,
And taught the paler *CYNTHIA* how to glide!

FIDELIO.

Emblem of thy *Creator*, mighty *Sphere!*
In thee the *Godhead*'s beaming ſmiles appear;

* I hope modern philoſophers will excuſe this expreſſion, ſince 'tis adapted to the opinion of mankind in general, &c.

Well might fall'n *Reaſon* zealouſly adore *
Thy emanations and enliv'ning pow'r!
In nought ſo much thy *Maker* ſtands diſplay'd
As in thy *Luſtre* which his hands have made!
Thy lucid *Aſpect* dims the gazing Eye,
In which unnumber'd ſacred *Glories* lie;
Such *Glories* as moſt eloquently dart
Rapture profound, and wonder to the heart.

AMINTOR.

Regent of day, creation's look would ſeem
A dreary waſte, without thy chearing beam;
What were the realms of this extenſive globe
Without thy ſmiles? or what dame *Nature*'s robe?
Pleas'd with thy warmth each treaſure laughs around,
And ſweet profuſion decks th' enamell'd ground;
Each flow'ry ſhrub and gaily painted flow'r
Now feels thy vernal and prolific pow'r;
With new-born joy expoſe their beauteous dyes,
While ſilent praiſe rekindles for the ſkies.

* One of the heathen idolatries.

FIDELIO.

FIDELIO.

Now harmony flows from the feather'd train,
They plume their wings, and try their ſongs again;
Returning *Spring* re-animates their notes,
And thrilling muſic warbles from their throats;
Impatient to fulfil dame *Nature*'s due,
The ſprightly *Male* now courts his *Charmer*'s view;
If an approving ſide-long glance he gains,
His creſt with rapture ſwells and pleaſing pains;
On haſty wings they ſearch the fav'rite grove,
And make it eccho with the ſtrains of love.

AMINTOR.

Once more the naked trees their liv'ries wear,
And *Plenty* with her horn repairs the year; *
The face of things aſſumes a lively hue,
By *Providence* created quite anew:
Now loos'd from ſtormy *Winter*'s rigid ſway,
Each plant thro' *Earth*'s warm boſom works its way;

* ——— *apparetque beata pleno*
Copia cornu ——— Hor.

Each ruby bud unfolds its latent worth,
And with a bluſh proclaims its wond'rous growth;
Pleas'd with the change the curious mortal pries
Into their charms with philoſophic eyes.

FIDELIO.

The ſenſes thus engag'd, the grateful ſoul
Scorning low bounds is rapt into the Pole;
Exults with tranſports at th'*Almighty*'s care,
Who form'd the World ſo uſeful and ſo fair!
Who with accuracy firſt drew the plan,
The mighty ſcene, and gave it all to man!
His ſov'reign *Mandate* through the formleſs void
Rung, and well pleas'd the lifeleſs maſs obey'd!
With inſtantaneous touch perfection grew,
And ſoon expos'd her matchleſs *Form* to view.

AMINTOR.

Look round *Ye Atheiſts*, disbelieving race,
If disbelieve ye can!--- *Ye* void of grace!
No longer cruſh the *Monitor* within,
Who glaringly expoſes mental ſin;

Commends

Commends the *Good*, and points th' unerring way
From this terreſtial ball to floods of day!
The ſacred *Artiſt* in his work appears,
And humble *Man* adores his *God* and fears:
My ſoul replete with his celeſtial fire,
Wrapp'd in the *Theme*, for ever will admire.

FIDELIO.

In all *JEHOVAH*'s lib'ral gifts we meet
Whate'er is good, pure, amiable, diſcreet;
Their curious riſe denotes a hand divine,
In what concording ſymmetry they ſhine!
Spontaneous crops* of herbage clothe the mead,
And her irriguous lap with verdure ſpread:
See! yonder *Flora* rules at large conteſt,
In *Iris'* tints of gayeſt colours dreſt;
There ſhe preſides, great goddeſs of the green,
Tranſporting ſight! the fields unrivall'd queen!

* ——— *injuſſa virescunt*
Gramina ——— Virg.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

Ere long we view the dext'rous *Mower* ſtrain,
Each ſtroke affording ſudorific pain:
The choiceſt flow'rs muſt with reluctance feel
The curved edge of dire reſiſting ſteel;
Forc'd by a nervous arm 'twill lay along,
Like tyrant *Death*, both impotent and ſtrong;
None of the common *Train* can e'er withſtand
The cruel *Weapon* in a *Maſter*'s hand:
To *Flora*'s tribes no ſpecial favour's ſhewn,
So tranſitory's their precarious bloom.

FIDELIO.

Through all the air a ſcent delicious breathes,
Improved by the gardens blooming trees,
That juſtly we of finer ſmells can boaſt
Than thoſe who dwell upon th' *Arabian* coaſt:
The grateful fragrance, fann'd by *Zephirs* mild,
Skims o'er the lawn, and chears the deſart wild;
Not only *Man* the vernal influ'nce knows,
But all *Creation*, ev'ry bud that blows!

The

The great *Supreme* ſuch rich profuſion pours,
Tranſported we enjoy not half his ſtores.

AMINTOR.

The beds of odours now the *Bee* pervades
From public ſtores collecting ſecret aids;
With reſtleſs toil extracts the latent *Sweet*,
And in its boſom finds a bleſt retreat;
Well skill'd ſhe ſeems in nat'ral *Wiſdom*'s ſchool,
Shame to the ſluggard and the ſtupid fool!
Her idle *Mate* by choice is left behind,
For *Drones* are always to their eaſe inclin'd!
While ſhe rules o'er the bloom without controul,
And deeply drinks of the nectarious bowl.

FIDELIO.

What rural bard could yet ſo well deſcribe
The tiny laws and cuſtoms of the *Tribe*
As * *He* who ſung in *Mantuan* ſtrains of old,
And did their toils harmoniouſly unfold?

* VIRGIL.

Through

Through induſtry what waxen cells they frame,
And claim, though *Inſects*, an illuſtrious name!
'Gainſt future *Want* they ſtore their ſpacious *Dome*,
And brave the hardſhips which muſt ſurely come;
That when loud *Boreas* o'er the deſart roars
They rich enjoy their timely gather'd ſtores.

AMINTOR.

See! yon extenſive fields are cover'd o'er
With *Ceres'* gifts, as yet a verdant ſtore;
But when tranſpierc'd by *Sol*'s all-gladning rays,
And well matur'd by his meridian blaze,
Will compenſate the lab'ring peaſant's care,
And crown with golden grain the circling year:
Ye dews deſcend, and thou celeſtial *Orb*
O'er all the plains diffuſive ſmiles afford;
O teach us, ſacred *Being*, how to frame
For all theſe favours homage to thy *Name*.

FIDELIO.

From this delightful *Mount* what proſpects riſe,
Demand our notice, and create ſurprize!

What

What ſplendid landſchapes, pouring on the ſight,
Diffuſe through all the ſoul immenſe delight!
The humble vale, and each ſurrounding hill,
The pious breaſt with grateful ardor fill:
Lo! on the right ſprings *Shiplake*'s rural tow'r,
And chequer'd lawns tranſport a little low'r;
Th' excurſive eye o'er ev'ry beauty ſtrays,
While from the ſoul aſcends the welcome praiſe.

AMINTOR.

Hark! ſportive lambkins *Damon*'s fleecy care,
In concert ſend their bleatings through the air;
The *Thames* before us with becoming pride
In ſmooth meanders rolls his ſilver tide;
No ſudden torrents or deſcending rains
Surcharge his channel and o'erflow the plains;
He mildly kiſſes and imbibes the balm
Of ſpringing odours, in a peaceful calm;
The flexile willows too diſpence their ſtores,
And ſmiling *Innocence* adorns the ſhores.

FIDELIO.

Lo! gentle *Strephon* with a *Lover's* air,
Attends along the *Mead* his blooming *Fair:*
Each motion kindly draws his am'rous eyes,
Towards the *Object* where his *Treaſure* lies;
He hears with tranſport her enchanting tongue,
With keen perſuaſion admirably hung;
Both, ſide by ſide, traverſe the lovely plain,
And bid adieu to vexing care and pain;
As *They* advance the flowers gayer bloom,
And for their pleaſure ſcent a freſh perfume.

AMINTOR.

Hail mutual love! from ſordid views refin'd,
For *Man* on this terreſtial globe deſign'd;
Thy pureſt flames few mortals feel below,
And few thy great intrinſic value know;
Untaſted by the ſenſual *Debauchee*,
Who blinded, ſees no heav'nly joys in thee;
Thy ſacred impulſe fills the tender breaſt,
And thrilling gives a ſtrange unquiet reſt;

Brutes

Brutes and inferior *Kinds* thy pow'r approve,
And yield as well as lordly *Man* to love,

FIDELIO.

What ſcene is that preſents itſelf to view,
And draws the roving eyes with pleaſure new?
A ſtately *Barge* along the friendly tide
Securely glides in all the pomp of pride;
Soft Zephirs on the ſpreading canvas blow,
Diſtend the ſail, and timely aid beſtow;
Each *Tar* is buſied in his deſtin'd ſphere,
While at the helm we ſee the *Pilot* ſteer;
But ſoon perhaps ſhe'll ſtrike the riſing ground,
Then nought but toil preſents itſelf around.

AMINTOR.

On yonder ſhoal of gravel now ſhe ſtands,
And ſeems to need an hundred able hands;
Her brawny *Crew* exert their utmoſt skill,
And noiſe and nonſenſe all the region fill:
Now here, now there, the wordy combat flows,
And to extremes the mutual quarrel grows:

Now ſhe's unmoor'd, and cuts the liquid road,
Groaning beneath her vaſt oppreſſive load;
By ſlow degrees the diſtant *Port* ſhe'll gain,
But meaſure back the waves with greater pain.

FIDELIO.

An **Abbey* on the right with learned eyes
Obſerve intent, and mark how well it lies!
Built on an emminence and fertile ground,
By which the *Maſter*'s wiſeſt choice is found:
The rugged remnants tott'ring in ſuſpence,
To curious minds a ſecret charm diſpenſe;
Th' extenſive ruins ſilently declare
Their priſtine ſtate, and tell what once they were;
To future ages on their frame will hold,
Which all with admiration will behold.

AMINTOR.

What *Mortal* thinks to diſlocate the frame
And leave poſterity his living name?

* Near *Farborough-Hill* in which King *Henry* I. was buried.

Where

Where breathes the *Man* who with aſpiring art
Preſumes to move but one cemented part?
His toil *Herculean* labours muſt excell,
O let him in renown for ever dwell!
Nought but old *Time*, the eldeſt thing on earth,
Is able to ſubvert the monſtrous birth;
Or fiery bolts of great almighty *JOVE*,
In fury hurl'd upon it from above.

FIDELIO.

Hither to this aſpiring *Hill* repair
A crowd t'enjoy the ſoft ſalubrious air;
Some, *Nature*'s ſplendid volumes to explore
With curious eyes, and trace each beauty oe'r;
And ſome with labour'd eloquence to move
The tender heart to melting tales of love;
For *Venus* often leaves her *Cyprian* iſle,
And caſts around the *Mount* a matchleſs ſmile;
Her wanton *Boy* his feather'd *Evils* darts,
And artfully o'ercomes unwarry hearts.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

Beneath the covert of theſe ſpreading trees
One ev'ning as I ſate, and mild the breeze,
With *MARCIA* I prolong'd the ſweet diſcourſe,
And yielded up to *Love*'s reſiſtleſs force:
The melting accents of her artleſs tongue
My ſoul with an unuſual ardor ſtrung;
Around our heads the plaintive muſic flow'd
Which *Philomela* laviſhly beſtow'd,
That not the joys the *Poets* feign'd of yore
Of fair *Eliſium* could tranſport us more.

FIDELIO.

Here ſport the ſacred *Nine*, and here inſpire
Their fav'rite *Bards*, and fan the genial fire;
No noiſe nor diſcord now offends the year,
Nor *Bacchus* nor his *Revellers* appear;
From hence the ſoul aſſumes th' ambroſial kiſs,
Aſcends on high, and marks her future bliſs;
No objects of a devious kind allure
To make her mighty fortreſs leſs ſecure,

The

The man that's arm'd with *Innocence* can brave
The raging tempeſt, and the boiſt'rous wave.

AMINTOR.

When muſic all around ſalutes the morn,
And orient beauties *Nature*'s face adorn,
To this retreat *ſome* take their early way,
To view the glories of the riſing day;
And when the *Sun* attains meridian height,
Darting direct his blazing ſtreams of light,
They court the grateful umbrage of the trees;
Inhaling here the cool refreſhing breeze;
The *Zephirs* o'er them move their od'rous wings,
And bring relief to all the vital ſprings.

FIDELIO.

But when in *Thetis*' lap bright *Phœbus* lies,
And golden drap'ry clothes the weſtern skies
When all the duties of the day are o'er,
And the *Mechanic*'s toils are heard no more,
Both ſexes join the long deſired walk,
And heighten friendſhip with inſtructive talk;

Relate

Relate the ſtrange adventures of the day,
And richly paſs the nimble hours away;
Till ſhades of gloomy night around them cloſe,
Shut up the ſcene, and kindly help repoſe.

AMINTOR.

With all the tranſports pureſt thoughts impart,
To ſooth the mind and captivate the heart,
Direct thy ſight to * Lord *CADOGAN*'s ſeat,
Structure immenſe, magnificently neat!
The ſtately dome a glitt'ring ſcene diſplays,
Reflected on by *Sol*'s enliv'ning rays;
From *North* to *South* ſhe ſpreads a florid fame,
While *Eaſt* and *Weſt* alike her riſe proclaim;
There ſage *Apollo* and the *Nine* reſort,
To taſte the pleaſures of a rural court.

FIDELIO.

There beeches, limes, and lofty firs ariſe,
Whoſe winding tops invade the vaulted skies;

* At *Caverſham* in *Oxfordſhire*.

And

And ſylvan *Songſters*, natives of the field,
In grateful ſtrains emollient pleaſure yield;
Harmonious ſonnets eccho through the grove,
To ſtring the tender heart to themes of love:
Their little breaſts concordant with their ſong
With ardor beat, and warbling notes prolong,
Till *Philomela* with extended throat
Aſſumes the *Song*, and tunes a plaintive note.

AMINTOR.

She fills the groves with muſic of the ſpheres,
Refines our thoughts, and charms th' attentive ears;
Untill *Aurora* opes th' approaching day
And *Phœbus* drives each fainter orb away:
The ſprightly *Lark* then ſpringing from the lawn
With vocal muſic hails the ruddy morn;
Her tow'ring matin fills the purple ſcene,
Whilſt high in air ſhe views the ſpangled green;
The feather'd *Kind* ſalute her on the way,
And join in chorus with the jocund lay.

FIDELIO.

Now to the left let's caſt our wond'ring eyes,
Where hills on hills in verdant beauty riſe;
Fain would the *Muſe* ſpring o'er to **Hardwick*'s groves
Where ſport th' *Aonian Train* and ſocial loves;
Where *Art* with *Nature* jointly is ally'd
And nought that can engage is now deny'd:
How unmoleſted could I ſpend my days,
Devoid of ſorrow and deſerving praiſe,
In thy rich ſcenes where ſtorms of life are few,
And rural joys expoſe themſelves to view.

AMINTOR.

How yon aſpiring hill retards the ſight,
Shortens the proſpect, and impairs delight!
Were it remov'd, though beauteous in its kind,
The roving eye would nobler beauties find;
Could but the *Muſe* its cumbrous maſs erace,
Hardwick to us would ſhine in matchleſs grace;

* *Hardwick*, in *Oxfordſhire*, the Seat of *Philip Powys*, Eſq;

A copious

A copious theme 'twould to the *Bard* impart,
And fill with nameleſs joy his raviſh'd heart;
But fix'd the *Mount* for ever will remain
To give ſucceeding times a pleaſing pain.

FIDELIO.

Hardwick! how fit for ſolitude thy bow'rs!
Where in fruition dance the nimble hours;
Oft have I wiſh'd, immers'd in troubled ſeas,
T' enjoy at large in thee my darling eaſe;
O rich *Aſylam!* where the captive ſoul
Quaffs freedom from *Contentment*'s flowing bowl!
Where mundane cares alternately ſubſide,
And ſacred *Wiſdom* deigns to be a guide;
Who when convoy'd by ſo divine a *Maid*
Can be of quickſands or of rocks afraid?

AMINTOR.

Let me purſue the rich ſecure retreat
Where art aſſiſts to form the * *Cave* compleat;

* Artificially cut in a hill of chalk, of an oval figure.

Where ſtately trees project a copious ſhade,
Around the *Grot* in awful glooms convey'd;
Upon whoſe branches chant the woodland choir,
And ev'ry breaſt with rapt'rous joy inſpire;
There lull'd at eaſe we bid the *Vain* adieu,
While *Contemplation* ſoars before our view;
The *Virtuous* take their leave of things below,
And hail the *Source* from whence their bleſſings flow.

FIDELIO.

O bleſt oblivion of all meaner things! *
Surpaſſing pallaces, or ſtate of kings;
Thy private manſion yields a kind retreat, †
When *Sol* refulgent beams oppreſſive heat:
When o'er the globe deſtructive diſcord reigns.
And fierce *Bellona* triumphs oe'r the plains,
With thy ambroſial ſtores the ſoul elate
Defies the black concerted ſchemes of *Fate*;
Improves each minute fleeting *Time* beſtows,
While warm *Devotion* reverently glows.

* *Solicitæ jocunda oblivia vitæ.* Mart. The motto within the Cave.
† Alluding to the motto on the outſide of the Cave.

AMINTOR.

AMINTOR.

From thence along the *Terraſs* let me rove,
Fraught with gay ſcenes of *Innocence* and *Love*,
To where * *Straw-Hall* erects its tow'ring height,
And yields freſh tranſports and a new delight;
What villas, trees, in ample order riſe
From hence beheld by quick poetic eyes!
The ſplendid works of *Nature* here demand
The ready *Pencil* in an *Artiſt*'s hand;
Painters may draw, *Muſicians* ſtrike the lyre,
And raptur'd *Bards* harmoniouſly conſpire.

FIDELIO.

What though no product of *Peruvian* mines, †
Improv'd with niceſt art, within it ſhines;
What though no *Paintings* elegantly glow,
Allure the ſight, and coſtly aid beſtow;
Although a humble *Thatch* adorns the roof,
To vexing ſtorms and ſolar rays a proof;

* A plain neat houſe on the border of the grove, which being built in a proper attitude, affords one of the moſt agreeable proſpects the eyes can deſire.

† See the inſcription on the outſide of the Hall.

Yet

Yet pure *Content* can ev'ry want redreſs,
And with a tacit joy the *Mortal* bleſs!
Humility ſhould reign in ev'ry breaſt,
And ſooth each bold aſpiring thought to reſt.

AMINTOR.

Hence let *Ambition* quit her furious chace,
And ſettle humbly round this matchleſs place;
Where in juſt light *Philoſophy* we view,
Tracing her ancient *Tenets* by the new;
The *Claſſics* there with extacy are read,
While inſpiration fills the *Student*'s head;
There *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, greatly ſhine,
And *Wit* immortal ſtrikes in ev'ry line!
Hardwick with ſuch variety can charm
That we ſecurely brave impending harm.

FIDELIO.

So *Eden* look'd, when Heavn's peculiar care
Was rich extended o'er the perfect *Pair*;
When great *JEHOVAH* bade to riſe around
His choiceſt gifts, and deck the fertile ground;

But

But there no *Apples* of alluring hue,
With poiſon fraught, expoſe their charms to view;
That ſafely *Ye* may wander through the grove
Ye riſing *Fair*, and innocently move!
May guardian *Goodneſs* o'er your ſouls preſide,
And *Virtue* ev'ry ſtep and action guide.

AMINTOR.

There *Tytirus* beneath the beech reclin'd, *
Unanxious for the toys which lure mankind,
Tunes on his *Pipe* the pureſt ſtrains of love,
As if each note he drew from Heav'n above:
Beyond a *Prince*, he taſts refined bliſs,
Nor values blind and fickle *Fortune*'s kiſs;
His thoughts uninterrupted ſoar on high,
And gain applauſe in yon ætherial ſky:
So great's the bleſſing of retired life,
Fraught with abundance, and ſecure from ſtrife.

FIDELIO.

Here breathe, our raviſh'd *Muſe*, —— and then purſue
Whate'er deſcriptions thou haſt next in view:

* *Tytire tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi.* Virg.

From

From *Hardwick*'s woods return along the vale,
Where ev'ry ſenſe the courting ſweets regale;
Where glides the placid current of the *Thames*,
And wanton *Naiads* ſport upon his ſtreams:
The finny nations now with warmth elate
In gambols play, nor heed impending *Fate*;
While skilful *Anglers* take their ſilent ſtand,
And from the flood the ſcaly *Fry* demand.

AMINTOR.

Thus far of rural *Gifts* we both have ſung,
And on each copious *Theme* with rapture hung;
Improv'd by innate *Friendſhip*'s mutual ties
On downy ſilken wings *Time* richly flies:
How ſweet is *Friendſhip* when 'tis grown mature!
What great fruition when we find it ſure!
With ſome 'tis only like an empty name,
Its rapt'rous joys unknown to vulgar fame;
FIDELIO, our's firſt from the *Go-cart* roſe
Waxing as *Time* along its channel flows.

FIDELIO.

FIDELIO.

Hail ſacred *Friendſhip!* moſt endearing ſound!
In thee nectarious draughts of bliſs abound!
By mutual converſe thou enſnar'ſt the heart,
And bind'ſt the ſame in bonds with niceſt art.
Had *Thought* been all, *Speech* had not known to flow,*
Speech moiſtens *Friendſhip*, teaches her to grow;
Good ſenſe will ſmell unleſs 'tis gently mov'd,
As waters ſtink, their wonted courſe withſtood;
But when expos'd, behold it radiant ſhine,
Like pureſt ſterling from the latent mine.

AMINTOR.

Let adoration mount to the *Supreme*,
Renown'd for ever be his mighty name!
Who pours on us rich ornaments of ſpeech,
And ripen'd *Science* hangs within our reach;
While ſome are ſtrangers to their mothers tongue,
And ne'er of *Nature*'s countleſs treaſures ſung;

* See Dr. *Young*'s *Night Thoughts.*

Perhaps depriv'd too of the joys of light,
To whom the *Sun*'s bright beams are ſcenes of night,
An * univerſal blank preſides around,
And in theſe glorious gifts no taſte is found.

FIDELIO.

BRITANNIA bow! revere the mighty *GOD*,
Who governs all *Creation* with his nod!
Whoſe ſearching eye pervades the mighty *Whole*,
And views the *Seaſons* in bright order roll!
For whom were all theſe num'rous bleſſings made,
On this extenſive pendent globe convey'd?
For *Man*, for *Man*, all *Nature* cries around,
For *Man*, for *Man*, the vaulted skies rebound!
Earth, *Air*, and *Sea* obey their haughty *Lord*,
And for his pleaſure join with one accord.

AMINTOR.

How then can daring *Man* this thought advance
That this, and num'rous worlds are left to chance?

* *Milton.*

When

When all around *JEHOVAH*'s skill's confeſt,
And *Nature* by a heav'nly hand is dreſt?
Of all the *Truths* poor erring *Mortals* know
This is the ſureſt to be found below:
They who deny the being of a *God*
Will one day tremble at his flaming rod!
When big with wrath the great *Supreme* ſhall hurl
Tremendous bolts upon a guilty world!

FIDELIO.

Who ſpread yon glorious canopy above,
And taught the lucid bodies how to move?
Who ſtruck from *Nothing* that great *Spark* the *Sun*?
And gave a chearing influ'nce to the *Moon*?
Who taught the bulky *Comets* how to blaze,
And whirls them round to make the *Nations* gaze?
Who fix'd the ſtrong foundations of the *Globe*,
And clothed *Nature* in a verdant robe?
Say if thou know'ſt, poor *Clod* of quicken'd clay!
Was it not *GOD*, the *Source* of endleſs day?

AMINTOR.

Heav'ns ſpacious volumes O * *Lucretius* read
And hear each † ſtarry *Sphere* ſublimely plead!
What grand inſtruction in their *Pages* lies,
Reveal'd to thee, a *Heir* of yonder skies!
Choice flow'rs of *Rhet'ric* bloom thro'out the *Pole*,
Great *Truths* imparting to the ſoaring *Soul*:
Stamp'd with perfection and unerring lines,
Th'*Almighty*'s glorious *Apparatus* ſhines!
Celeſtial *Wiſdom* beams unnumber'd rays,
And glowing wonders to the world conveys.

FIDELIO.

O *Man!* from miſts of error wipe thine eyes,
And lift them to the *Sov'reign* of the skies;
Before his throne now ſuppliant bend the knee,
Adore thy *God* who acts ſo much for thee!
Before rude *Chaos* heard his dread command,
And felt the force of his creating hand,

* A fictitious name for a *Free-thinker*.

† I hope the reader will excuſe this kind of *Night Piece* in the performance, as it is only a continuation of the foregoing ten lines.

Thy

Thy great and glorious ſtructure was deſign'd,
The work alone of an *Almighty Mind!*
Therefore to *Him*, thy great *Creator*, raiſe
A ſong replete with gratitude and praiſe,

AMINTOR.

Almighty Father! when we fondly trace
The various charms which ſpread o'er *Nature*'s face,
Inſpire our ſouls to celebrate thy praiſe,
And to thy name pure *Hallelujahs* raiſe!
What numbers *Lord!* are there who thoughtleſs rove
Through many a lovely *Plain* and ſhady *Grove*
And mark not *Thee! Thou Great Eternal* ſource
Who guid'ſt the *Spheres*, and order'ſt *Nature*'s courſe:
In one great hymn now let all *Being* join,
And ſing of *Thee*, whoſe works are all divine.

THE

BRITISH
16 DE 81
MUSEUM

THE
Vernal Morning's Walk:
A SOLILOQUY.

Solvitur acris hyems grata vice veris. HOR.

AURORA bluſhing guilds the day,
That roſy finger'd *Dame*;
From balmy ſleep I haſte away
And chant a noble *Theme*;

While numbers are ſupinely laid
In dull * *Oblivion*'s grave,
Let me traverſe th' enamell'd mead,
And laud the *Pow'r* who gave.

* In bed.

The

The ſenſeleſs *Sluggard* little knows,
Stretch'd on his bed of down,
What ſtreams of pleaſure he foregoes
Which he might call his own.

Winter no more with low'ring brow
Congeals the teeming *Earth*,
No longer ſtorms of hail or ſnow
Retard her fruitful birth:

Inſtead of *Boreas*, *Zephirs* play,
And skim the tender graſs;
SOL too, refulgent lamp of day,
Aſſumes a longer race.

All things the blooming age enjoy,
All things command delight;
JEHOVAH's bleſſings ne'er can cloy
Nor fatigate the ſight.

The ſoaring *Lark* begins her lays,
And tunes her little throat,
Replete with pureſt love and praiſe
Flows ev'ry artleſs note.

The noiſy *Black-bird* and the *Thruſh*
Now join the morning ſong,
And pour from ev'ry bramble buſh
Their muſic ſmooth and ſtrong.

Inferior birds the Chorus ſhare,
And hail the purple morn;
Their ſonnets eccho thro the air
And fill the blooming thorn.

Shall I then dull, inactive prove,
Nor in the tribute join?
Shall not my lips in concert move,
And pay the debt divine?

Immenſe the produce *Nature* yields
To crown the joys of *Man*,
Profuſely ſpread o'er all the fields
Ere ſince the world began:

Here flowers grow of various hues
Nurs'd by a hand divine;
Reds, parti-colours, greens and blues,
In ample order ſhine.

There's not a leaf that decks the plain
But was for uſe deſign'd,
They all intrinſic *Good* contain
Of medicinal kind.

Now while I view gay *Flora*'s ſcenes,
Endow'd with countleſs charms,
Withdrawn from all deluſive dreams,
No mundane fear alarms.

Tranſported I with pleaſure ſee
Th' *Almighty*'s ſkill conteſt
In ev'ry flow'r and ſhrub, for me,
A great important *Gueſt!*

Ye *Sweets*, in nice gradations plac'd,
That now attract the eye;
And ſmile, with vernal beauty grac'd,
Muſt ſoon decreaſe and die!

Juſt ſo is *Man*, a fairer bloom
Than thrives on common earth,
At morn he ſhines, but fades at noon,
As *Nature*'s fraileſt birth!

His

His joys are tranſient as the wind,
Of ſhort duration here,
No laſting pleaſure leave behind,
But hope and anxious fear;

Frail *Mortal*, emblem of the pride
Which decks the verdant mead,
Lay thy falſe notions all aſide,
From vicious ways recede.

From innate knowledge chant the praiſe
Of great *JEHOVAH*'s name.
To *Him* divine encomiums raiſe,
My great and glorious *Theme!*

O *Man!* how much art thou preferr'd
To *Earth*'s inferior race!
The *Sov'reign* hath on thee conferr'd
All that can charm or grace:

Then let thy breaſt with ardor glow,
And grateful incenſe riſe;
Let pureſt thoughts aſcending flow,
And penetrate the skies!

There laud, my ſoul, the mighty *Source*
Who fires the *Poet*'s breaſt;
Whoſe wiſdom dictates *Nature*'s courſe,
And thankleſs *Man* hath bleſt.

As ſpotleſs as the herbs that thrive
Beneath my ruder feet,
May I in future ages live
And hail the grand retreat!

Auſpicious *Guide* to limpid truth,
Let thy paternal *Law*
Commence *Director* of my youth,
And ſway my ſoul with awe!

From pure experience I'll adore
Thee for thy wond'rous love;
And wait thy *Fiat* when no more
I live, but reign above.

THE

THE HISTORY OF Suſanna & *the two* Elders:

PARAPHRAS'D.

In ev'ry work regard the Writer's *end,*
Since none can compaſs more than they intend.
Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

IN *Babylon*, well known to priſtine fame,
There liv'd a man, and *Joacim* his name;
From *Chelcias* ſprung he took a beauteous wife,
Who prov'd the joy and comfort of his life:
Her name *Suſanna*, fair as mother *Eve*,
If we recorded holy writ believe:
Nor was ſhe only with *Externals* ſtor'd,
But often paid due homage to her *Lord:*

This

This charming *Fair* her righteous parents brought
Up in the rules by prophet *Moſes* taught;
Juſt principles inſtill'd into her mind,
While cordial precepts all their aid combin'd:
Her innate virtues claim'd her parents care,
Their hopes and kind endeavours center'd there;
Unbias'd by the ſpecious arts of *Sin*
She knew a ſpotleſs ſoul ſincere within.

Vaſt ſtores of wealth her *Conſort* was poſſeſt,
As far as riches make, extremely bleſt;
All *Nature*'s treaſures waited on his call,
The choice productions of this earthly ball;
His willing ſervants ſaw the rip'ning word,
And ere well form'd, could gratify their Lord.
Near to his houſe a pleaſant garden ſprung,
With faireſt fruits of fertile *Nature* hung;
Where curious *Art* abundantly ſupply'd
Such ornaments the careleſs *Dame* deny'd.
Unto his houſe the *Jews* ſpontaneous came,
Becauſe he bore an honourable name:
Mark'd with declining *Age* beyond the reſt,
Well quallified for judging *Two* were gueſt;
As ſpake *JEHOVAH*— that dark *Sin* array'd
In ſpecious colours might be foul diſplay'd.

Theſe at the *Council-Houſe* ſedately ply'd
Before whom public ſuits of law were try'd;

To them came ev'ry one who was oppreſt,
In hopes to have his grievances redreſt.
Soon as bright *Sol* had paſs'd the noon of day,
And beam'd obliquely down a burning ray,
Diſpers'd, the people took a diff'rent way:
Then fair *Suſanna*, as kind inſtinct taught,
The cool receſſes of the garden ſought;
Her roſy bloom the *Choſen Twain* beheld,
And ev'ry virtuous thought with force repell'd;
They fiercly burn'd with more than common fire,
In vain weak *Reaſon* ſtrove to curb deſire!
From heav'nly ſcenes they drew their aged eyes,
And fix'd them on a fair external prize;
Yet from each other long their flame conceal'd,
For ſhame forbade their thoughts to be reveal'd!
From day to day each watch'd the happy hour
When to contrive the *Charmer* in his pow'r;
Still neſcious of each others wily heart,
In ſecret acted both the *Lecher*'s part;
Till apt occaſion prompted to diſcloſe
That which was weighty cauſe of future woes;
When monſters like, inur'd in *Sin* they join'd
To perpetrate more ſure what they deſign'd.
One day, O luckleſs hour! the *Tempter* ſpread
His curſed venom o'er each *Lecher*'s head,
Whoſe baleful ſtreams ran through each yielding ſoul,
Nor would admit of *Wiſdom*'s pure controul;

Like

Like duteous *Imps* they heard the dire command,
Nor longer could his curſt advice withſtand;
For chaſt *Suſanna* from the raging heat,
As cuſtom taught, had made a cool retreat:
Into the *Grove* they ſtole with ſilent tread,
And cloſe from mortals carnal eye lay hid;
Where plain the matchleſs fair they could ſurvey,
Whom they deſign'd to make their lawleſs *Prey*;
And take ſuch draughts of pleaſure to the heart,
Whoſe madning ſcenes a pleaſing pain impart.

A bubling fount amidſt the garden flow'd,
Which *Art* and *Nature* jointly had beſtow'd;
Whoſe chryſtal looks were tempting to allay
Th' inclement fervor of the Summer's day;
Around in graceful ſteps *Suſanna* ſtray'd,
With *Virtue* and with *Innocence* array'd;
With wiſhful eye now view'd the watry ſcene,
And ev'ry look confeſt her more a *Queen!*
Obſequious *Maidens* waited at her hands,
In order to fulfil her juſt commands;
To whom ſhe thus--- Haſt *Nymphs* and quickly bring
That 's us'd in bathing, each material thing;
For I intend (as I am often wont)
My fev'riſh limbs to cool beneath the font;
Fine lenient oyls and waſhing balls provide,
And let your duteous skill be well apply'd;

Let ſweet *Arabia*'s ſmells the *Train* compoſe,
And add the fragrance of the bluſhing *Roſe*:
I ſtrictly charge ye with a careful eye
To keep a watch that none approach too nigh;
The privy doors into the garden cloſe,
And ſcreen me from the ſight of daring foes.
She ſaid, and ſtrait the ſprightly maidens ſtrove
To manifeſt their duty and their love;
With cordial joy th' *Utenſils* they prepar'd,
For ſervile care they knew would have reward;
With timid eyes they view'd the garden round,
Each low deſcent and each aſpiring ground;
Into the *Grove* with female caution pry'd,
For in ſome parts the wood acceſs deny'd;
Yet none occurr'd to ſight of human race,
And ſilence held dominion o'er the place.
The *Lechers* then in tides of tranſports roſe,
Reſolving with the fav'rite time to cloſe;
And trampling down *JEHOVAH*'s ſacred rules,
Commenc'd th' infernal *Spirit*'s proper tools:
The fair *Suſanna* thus with warmth addreſt,
And *Love*'s ſoft tale flow'd from each aged breaſt.
Behold (ſaid they) the garden doors around
Are faſt againſt the daring *Pryer* found;
Thou faireſt yet of beauteous women born,
Repulſe not thine *Adorers* now with ſcorn;

For in our ſouls the ſcorching paſſion reigns,
And pleaſing inſults revel in our veins;
Though old in years, we feel the pleaſing ſmarts,
And *Love*'s ſoft raptures kindle in our hearts:
Thy num'rous charms re-ſtring the feeble nerve,
And can alone ſuch youthful warmth preſerve:
O may our *Words* if not our *Looks* prevail,
And let *Love*'s rhet'ric once turn *Virtue*'s ſcale:
But ſhould'ſt thou to our ſuit rebellious prove,
And diſregard theſe ſudden marks of love,
Thy worthy name we'll blaſt in empty air,
And leave thee nought to boaſt the name of *Fair!*
Thee, loaded with reproaches, we'll accuſe
(The vulgar ſort detraction wont refuſe)
How in thy arms we caught a lovely *Youth*,
Drawn by thy wiles from flow'ry paths of truth;
How on thy *Syren* great enchanting tongue
Tranſported in exceſs of joy he hung;
Till ſoon ſeduc'd to ruin and diſgrace,
And doom'd to curſe the beauties of thy face.
Suſanna then with riſing grief oppreſt,
Sigh'd forth theſe mournful accents from her breaſt.
Doubly diſtreſt, and ſtraighten'd all around,
Who for my preſent ſuccour can be found?
If I comply *Death*, formidable foe!
Will guilty ſend me to the ſhades below!

Beſides

Beſides incur ſupreme *JEHOVAH*'s ire,
And blaſt my ſoul in endleſs ſcenes of fire!
If I reſiſt, *Revenge* of blackeſt kind,
Me *Innocent*—yes *Innocent* will find!
And better 'tis to fall beneath your *Word*
Than once offend the *Great Almighty Lord!*
Whoſe fear now ſpreads o'er all my trembling ſoul,
And in a tide his *Goodneſs* ſeems to roll.
Thus ſpoke the virtuous fair, and loudly cry'd;
In hoarſer ſtrains the graceleſs *Twain* reply'd:
One quickly ran and op'd the garden port,
To ſow detraction of the baſeſt ſort;
The tim'rous maids no ſooner heard the cry,
But ruſh'd ſurpriz'd, to know the reaſon why;
When thus began the baſe deſigning *Pair*,
With ears intent imbibe what we declare.
By accident we walking were this way
Amidſt the ſhades to ſhun the ſolar ray,
When lo! before our eyes a ſcene aroſe,
A ſcene, which makes us tremble to diſcloſe!
Your beauteous *Dame* endow'd with countleſs charms
We ſaw embrac'd within a *Lover*'s arms;
Unjuſt and faithleſs to her *Huſband*'s bed,
To which with manly ardor ſhe was led!
Now baſe *Adultery* for vengeance cries
And ſpreads her glowing ſhame unto the skies.

O woeful day! the maids condoling cry'd,
Diſaſtrous ſcenes thy fleeting hours divide;
Fools that we were, to leave her tempting charms
Expos'd to ſinful and to dire alarms!
O had each ſtay'd and ſhew'd a ſervant's care,
And guarded *Thee*, thou great illuſtrious *Fair!*
Ne'er till this time aroſe ſuch odious fame,
Which blaſts with endleſs infamy thy name!
Ne'er while we draw the vital air, can we
A recompence *Suſanna*, make to thee!
Impartial *Juſtice* 'gins her ſcales to ſpread,
And fell *Revenge* ſits brooding o'er thy head!
But may, O may what now *Old Age* declares,
Be prov'd abortive, and diſpel our fears!
If falſe, --- may both the perjur'd *Elders* prove
The ſharpeſt vengeance of the *Pow'r* above.
So ſigh'd the maidens, inwardly oppreſt,
And ſtrange commotions labour'd in each breaſt;
Down from their eyes diſtill'd the briny tear,
And ſympathy was plain impreſſed there,
By turns the ſcale this way and that ſubſides,
Now *Judgment* falters, and now *Reaſon* guides;
So ebbs and flows the torture of the mind,
Neſcious which lab'ring thought to leave behind.
Soon as the morn diſpell'd the ſtars away,
And ſtrew'd with roſes uſher'd in the day,

At *Joacim*'s the ſolemn *Court* was held,
Whoſe ſpacious houſe was with *Spectators* fill'd:
Each ſhameful *Elder* midſt th' attentive throng
Came arm'd with malice, and a perjur'd tongue;
To throw the *Fair* into the arms of Death,
Whoſe forged crime demanded loud her breath.
Now for *Suſanna*, *Chelcias*' daughter ſend
They ſaid, and let her inſtantly attend:
Submiſſively the ſummons ſhe obey'd,
With virtue and a modeſt mask array'd;
Nor came alone, for all her kindred near
With aching hearts before the *Court* appear.
This *Female* in dame *Nature*'s fineſt mould
Was form'd compleat, and charming to behold;
Nice ſymmetry upon her perſon hung,
And ſacred muſic dropp'd from off her tongue;
O'er all her face in due proportion ſpread
The native mixture of the *White* and *Red*;
Her forehead with a riſing ſmoothneſs ſhone,
Than ivory more fair or Parian ſtone;
A modeſt luſtre ſparkled in her eyes,
So aw'd by *Virtue*, and ſo ſearching wiſe,
That ſhe corrected each licentious thought,
And ſtraight to *Wiſdom*'s ſolid baſis brought;
The roſes on her cheeks moſt lively bloom'd,
Her lips the coral's beauteous red aſſum'd;

The *Loves* and *Graces* jointly ſmil'd around,
And juſt reſerve the virtuous heart could wound;
Not lovelier look'd the *Mother* of mankind
When ev'ry ſcene around her was refin'd;
When *Eden* grew to pleaſe the perfect *Pair*,
And on them Heaven center'd all its care.
Now thoſe dire *Wretches*, ſcorn of all mankind,
To *Wiſdom's* bright tranſcending beauties blind,
Commanded her the veil aſide to throw,
And countleſs beauties to the view beſtow:
Their wand'ring eyes ran o'er her perfect frame,
And in their boſoms ſprung an impious flame;
That from her *Friends* burſt forth the pitying tear,
And each *Spectator* ſhew'd a grief ſincere:
The pearly torrent trickled down her face,
And in pathetic looks explain'd her caſe;
To heav'ns high arch ſhe caſt her zealous eyes,
And truſted in the *Ruler* of the skies,
Who ſpreads around his kind protecting arm,
And greatly ſcreenes his faithful *Ones* from harm.
Then midſt the kind condoling crowd aroſe,
Mature for ruin, *Virtue's* ſtable *Foes*;
Upon her head their hands preſumptuous laid,
Satan inſpir'd and thus the *Wretches* ſaid.
Aſſembled *Mortals*, lend a mindful ear
To what we now with ſacred awe declare:

This

This *Woman* whom your wond'ring eyes behold,
Compleat in charms, but in tranſgreſſion bold,
We ſaw attended by her maidens rove
Within the cool receſſes of the *Grove*;
As in a corner not remote we ſtray'd,
Each motion and each circumſtance ſurvey'd;
Strong aſſignation ſtirr'd the riſing fire,
And ſhe compell'd her *Servants* to retire;
Then fluſh'd with tranſport, from the *Covert* ſprung
A *Paramour*, in manly beauty young;
Who with a ſoft but guilty dalliance led
This fair *Suſanna* to the verdant bed:
On *Nature*'s carpet thus the faulty *Pair*
Revell'd and ſpread their ſhame in open air;
Whom to detect, with aged ſteps we ran,
But from our hold eſcap'd the nervous man;
On this baſe *Woman* having laid our hands,
We bade her anſwer to our ſtrict demands,
But nought material from her tacit mouth
Would ſhe divulge about her favrite *Youth*.
  Theſe things we teſtify before the *Court*,
Which anxiouſly hath heard the true report;
If falſe we prove may not keen vengeance ſpare,
But let th'*Almighty* blaſt us through the air.
  Then through the num'rous crowd the wiſper ſtole,
Numbers condemn while tender hearts condole;

The

The judging *Elders* on their awful ſeat
Now felt their hearts in ſtrange commotions beat,
They credited the ſtrange flagitious tale,
And *Juſtice* 'gainſt *Suſanna* turn'd the ſcale:
That in a ſolemn and pathetic breath,
The *Judge* condemning yielded her to *Death.*
Suſanna then with voice extended cry'd,
The lofty *Hall* in mournful ſounds reply'd;
In *Virtue*'s footſteps conſcious to have trod,
She thus in faithful terms addreſt her *God.*
Supreme of Beings! at whoſe awful throne,
This charge, this impious charge, is fully known;
To whom all *Mortals* ſecrets are convey'd,
And ſtraight in *Equity*'s fair ballance weigh'd;
Thy preſcient thoughts run thro' the boundleſs *Whole,*
With an unerring conſtancy of ſoul:
Hear mighty *GOD! JEHOVAH* condeſcend
To be my ſole *Protector* and my *Friend!*
Thou Virtue's Guide, eſpouſe my feeble part,
And let thy *Grace* run thrilling through my heart!
Before thine eye expos'd these *Wretches* are,
And thou behold'ſt their flagrant guilt from far;
Haſt heard O *Lord!* what witneſs they have born,
And deep involv'd me in the public ſcorn;
And now alas! muſt yield my fleeting breath,
And mingle with the gloomy ſhades of *Death!*

But

But *Thou*, who penetrat'ſt my inmoſt ſoul,
And hear'ſt my ſentiments before they roll,
Well know'ſt my heart diſdains th' attrocious *Deed*,
Which *Imps* have forg'd and *Numbers* make their creed.
She ſpoke—— Her voice ſoon penetrates the throne
Of *Him*, who ſits unbounded and alone;
Of *Him*, who *Virtue*'s ſacred race protects,
And with a kind paternal eye inſpects;
Supreme JEHOVAH lent his holy ear,
And glorioufly did in her cauſe appear.
Therefore when *Death* prepa rd a cold embrace,
Each beauty from her perfect *Form* to chace;
God's ſacred influ'nce fill'd a riſing youth,
Daniel by name, a ſtable friend to *Truth*;
Who felt the beams of inſpiration play,
And *Goodneſs* ſeize him in a flood of day!
The heav'nly touch a trembling caus'd all o'er,
And love divine awaken'd ev'ry pore;
Arm'd with this impulſe, to the murm'ring crowd
Extended thus his hallowed voice aloud.
This *Woman*'s blood, ye haſty *Mortals*, bears
No guilt on me, be yours the guilty fears!
Deſiſt I pray your hands in blood t' embrue,
Fear the juſt *God*, and dread his judgments too.
To whom the crowd with retrogreſſive tread,
Struck with amazement at his courage ſaid:

What means that ſpeech, thou bold aſpiring *Youth*,
Which with emphatic air drop'd from thy mouth?
Hath *God* to thee alone his will reveal'd,
From men grown more mature in age conceal'd?
Can this lewd *Woman's* blood for vengeance cry,
And draw th' *Almighty's* vengeance from on high?
Are *Fate's* decrees unto thy ſoul made known,
And *Myſteries* of *Sin* moſt flagrant ſhown?
If ſo, impart the ſecrets of thy breaſt,
The chief unfold, and let us gueſs the reſt.
Then *Daniel* o'er th' *Aſſembly* rais'd his head,
And fill'd with the *Divinity* thus ſaid.
Are ye ſuch fools, *Ye Iſraelitiſh Throng*,
To ſpurn at *Reaſon* and perſiſt in *Wrong!*
To make of trifling moment this affair,
In which is much involv'd your pious care?
That without probing deep the latent cauſe,
Agreeable to *Moſes'* wholeſome laws,
You've on a *Siſter* haſty judgment paſt,
And doom'd her *Name* to cenſure's public blaſt?
Hear, ſons of *Iſrael!*--- to your ſeats return,
For witneſs falſe againſt her has been borne;
Each perjur'd *Wretch* from *Juſtice's* path hath trod,
And dar'd the vengeance of the potent *God!*
Upon the *Youth* ſurpriz'd the people ſtar'd,
Then back again with one conſent repair'd;

The rev'rend *Elders* on him fix'd their eyes,
And ſaw the marks of *Revelation* riſe;
Beheld his cheeks with heav'nly ardor glow,
Such as *JEHOVAH* only can beſtow:
When thus the *Seniors* awful ſilence broke,
And in kind terms corroborating ſpoke.
O *Thou*, on whom kind *Providence* beſtows
A conſcious feeling of another's woes!
Who makes thy judgment far thy years excell,
And to thy view opes blackeſt ſcenes of Hell;
An *Elder*'s honour well becomes thy head,
On which thy *God* hath inſpiration ſhed;
O *Daniel* come, *Heav'n*'s *Fav'rite*, now relate
The wiſe decrees and myſteries of *Fate!*
Ardent in *Virtue*'s cauſe then *Daniel* ſaid,
Let my commands, *Ye Chiefs* be now obey'd:
Theſe impious *Elders* ſtation far apart,
And I will ſound each perjur'd *Villain*'s heart;
For the ſame *God* who fills my tender ſoul,
And makes his love in rapt'rous currents roll;
Whoſe piercing eye ſurveys the *Deeds* of all,
And ſees the ſmalleſt of creation fall;
Will now through *Me*, his *Inſtrument*, expoſe
Celeſtial *Virtue*'s bold intrepid foes.
With *Daniel*'s orders quick the *Court* comply'd,
And converſe twixt the *Lechers* was deny'd;

Then *He*, in whom revealed knowledge lay,
Was heard to one in moving terms to ſay.
O *Thou*, whoſe head in hoary *Age* appears,
Whoſe num'rous crimes outweigh thy length of years!
Thy former *Sins* in light conſpicuous grow,
And tell thy kin with curſed *Fiends* below;
Falſe judgment on the *Guiltleſs* thou haſt laid,
And *Innocence* in all her charms betray'd!
Whereas the *Lord*, *Creation's Great Supreme*,
Hath made terrific his *Almighty Name!*
He ſaid, *The Righteous thou ſhalt never ſlay*,
But guiltleſs blood with guilty blood repay.
Now if thou haſt *Suſanna* ſeen, declare
Under what tree conven'd the ſinful *Pair*;
That lawful vengeance may their *Crime* purſue,
And give the puniſhment to *Sin* that's due.
Who anſwer'd thus---Beneath a *Lentiſk*'s ſhade
In lawleſs converſe were the *Couple* laid;
Theſe words diſtilling from my aged mouth
Are juſt, and well confirm'd by naked truth!
O curſed liar! *Daniel* warmly cry'd,
O curſed liar! Eccho quick reply'd;
Thine own condemner thou baſe *Wretch* haſt prov'd,
By artful *Satan*'s inſtigations mov'd!
A *Herald* now commiſſion'd by his *God*
Extends tremendous his avenging *Rod*!

The

The flaming ſword of *Juſtice* threats thy head,
And keen damnation o'er thy ſoul is ſpread!
He ſaid, and ſent him to his former place,
Then call'd his *Partner* in the dire diſgrace;
To whom he ſpoke, aw'd by the *Pow'r* divine,
While all th'attentive *Crowd* their ears incline.
O *Thou*, ſprung from *Canaan*'s impious race,
The ſcorn of *Judah*'s offspring, and diſgrace!
Frail beauty's lure hath drawn thine eyes aſtray,
Thy heart oblivious of the *God* of day!
Fell *Luſt* thy ſoul's weak fortreſs hath ſubdu'd,
And *Satan*'s influ'nce turn'd thy thoughts from *Good!*
Thus *Iſrael*'s daughters have ye vilely us'd,
The laws of *God* contemned and abus'd;
Menac'd they yielded to your aged flame,
T' avoid detraction in the trump of fame!
But *Judah*'s ſeed in whom the *Graces* ſhine,
In whom appear the charms of light divine,
Would not with your laſcivious terms comply,
But ſway'd by *Reaſon*, wiſely could deny.
Now therefore, great ſuborned *Imp* of Hell,
Under what tree thou ſaw'ſt them prithee tell.
Who thus reply'd with want of rev'rend ſhame,
The *Holm* was conſcious of their guilty flame.
To him the *Youth* with heav'nly wiſdom fraught,
In angry terms diſplay'd his teeming thought.

Thou

Thou fraudful *Fiend*, to *Canaan*'s ſeed ally'd,
Fell *Lucifer*'s delight and darling pride!
Thou alſo on thyſelf haſt judgment paſt,
And ſtain'd thy *Name* which will forever laſt;
An envious lie hath fill'd thy blaſting mouth,
By *Satan* nurs'd and of infernal growth!
The *Herald* now but waits the dread command
To ſweep *Ye curſed Imps* from off the land.
To *Hell's Abyſs*, where howl the damn'd below,
A direful ſcene of everlaſting woe!
Nor ſooner were the words drop'd from the mouth
Of *Daniel*, heav'n's great *Care* and fav'rite *Youth*,
But through th'*Aſſembly* rung the thankful voice,
And all in *God*'s protecting arm rejoice;
Nor ſtop'd it there, but pierc'd the lofty *Pole*,
Where lightnings flaſh, and awful thunders roll!
To *God* they ſent a gen'ral peal of praiſe,
And ſtrove due homage to his *Name* to raiſe;
Who ſpreads his canopy with guardian care
O'er his *Elect*, and ſhews the baneful *Snare*.
Forthwith th'*Aſſembly* warm with rage aroſe,
And on the perjur'd *Twain* with vigour cloſe;
For *Daniel* whom *JEHOVAH* had inſpir'd,
Whoſe ſoul with *Juſtice*'s heav'nly worth was fir'd,
Impartially with eaſe convicted both
The *Lechers*, from each contradicting mouth:

Purſuant

Purſuant then to a recorded clauſe
Among the liſt of *Moſes'* ſacred laws,
They unto *Them* the puniſhment extend
Which they deſign'd malicious for their *Friend*;
For ſoon the frigid hand of ghaſtly *Death*
O'erſpread their frames, and *Fate* ſuppreſt their breath.
Thus *Innocence*, that pure celeſtial maid,
In lucid robes of virgin white array'd,
Was by the *Lord* and ſov'reign *Judge* of all,
Spotleſs preſerv'd, nor doom'd a prey to fall.
Now *Chelcias* and his *Wife* in hymns of praiſe
Homage divine to great *JEHOVAH* raiſe,
Their fervent thanks thro' heav'n's high convex ſtole,
In perfect union and ~~tranſport~~ delight of ſoul!
Their *Daughter*'s virtue forc'd the tears of joy,
Which prov'd too ſtrong for *Demons* to deſtroy:
Nor *Joacim* leſs prais'd his mighty *Name*,
For ſaving *Innocence* accus'd, from ſhame;
For guarding *Her* the partner of his life,
His dear *Companion*, and his dearer *Wife!*
Her *Friends* and *Kindred* all with hearts elate
Rejoic'd to ſee the proſp'rous turn of fate;
And from a ſenſe of his protecting pow'r,
Did chant his praiſe, and zealouſly adore;
Becauſe *Suſanna* kept a guard within,
And ſpurn'd the guilded baits of odious *Sin*.

From

From that day *Daniel* roſe in deathleſs fame,
And *Babylon* reſounded with his name;
As one who by inſpired knowledge knew
God's wiſe *Decrees* ſhew'd to a favour'd *Few.*

FINIS.

BRITISH
16 DE 81
MUSEUM

N. B. *If in the preceeding* Pieces *the Reader ſhould find any harſh words or uncooth expreſſions unbecoming the dignity of Poetry, which have eſcap'd the Author's notice, he is deſired to correct them to his own liking, and generouſly impute them to an overſight.*—*In page* 16 *line* 15 *for* year *read* ear; *page* 50 *line* 21 *for* the *read* theſe.